

# Good Morning

S5

City  
of  
Shadows

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

## THAT OTHER GAULEITER

By  
STUART  
MARTIN

WITH the recent memory of Easter still lingering, this is the time to tell the story of the Mussolini of 2,000 years ago—also a Roman. Lots of people don't know much, or merely the name, of Pontius Pilate. He had much in common with Hitler and the Duce.

He faced guerrilla raids and open revolt. He ate grapes and had his bath every morning. He was married, like the Duce (but not like Hitler). He was the gauleiter of the Roman Emperor; and he came to a sticky end.

Pontius Pilate, the man who crucified Jesus, had been sent to Judea as governor in the name of the Emperor. He quickly earned a reputation that some of the Nazi lot of to-day might envy. He stole money from the treasure chests of the Jews. He kept the job for ten years, and made money out of the Jews at every turn. He made Palestine the Poland, the Yugoslavia, of his day.

One of the first orders Pilate made when he went to take up the Procuratorship was to command that the legions then quartered in Caesarea should come to Jerusalem to reinforce the garrison; and they were to take their ensigns, their banners, with them.

### Who Was Boss?

Now, this order was made out largely because Pilate wanted to show the Jews he was boss. But the order was against the Mosaic Law, which laid it down, and had been accepted even by Caesar, that no effigies should be brought to the Holy City. Such a thing would be considered blasphemy. The effigy of Caesar was on the banners of Caesar.

The Jews couldn't fight, but they raised an uproar, came in a torrent towards his house, and for five days kept up the wailing. On the morning of the sixth day Pilate came out of his house and ordered the rabble to disperse. They didn't.

He then ordered his soldiers to wade in and kill the

rioters. To the surprise of the Romans, the Jews lay down, bared their necks, and shouted, "Come on and kill, but the images have to be removed from this town."

The Roman official who was in charge of the entire Near East, named Vitellius, heard of the rioting, and sent word to Pilate to withdraw the images. Vitellius was a higher-up than Pilate.

But Pilate didn't forgive the Jews. On another occasion, when the Jews crowded round his palace, he sent his soldiers out with daggers under their cloaks to mix with the crowds. At a given signal the soldiers did butchering to their hearts' content.

Pontius next wanted the people to be as clean as Romans. He got his surveyors to work out a scheme to bring water, by aqueduct, to Jerusalem from the hills forty miles off.

### Dipped Into Treasure

The work was started. The Jews piled up masses of stone and laid pipes at his order; but when it came to paying for the labour, Pilate ripped open the sacred treasure chest of the Temple and helped—himself.

That caused more riots, more bloodshed. But Pilate won that round, too.

It was not long after that that the Feast of the Passover came round. And with it came the Great Tragedy of the false accusation of Jesus, the farcical trial, the utter inability of Pilate to give the judgment his Roman legal training called for. He handed his victim over for Crucifixion. You can read that story in the Gospels; a story of misapplied law and disgraceful twisting.

But Pilate didn't get away with washing his hands. The Gospels do not tell of what happened to him, but other records tell. When Caesar heard of the crucifixion he demanded to know what This Man had done; it was one of the delicate points

of Roman law that it boasted of never doing an innocent person to death.

Pilate went to Rome to explain. There are many stories of what happened. It is said that Pilate's wife—who had dreamed the night before the crucifixion that her husband was making a sad mistake—turned Christian. It is said that Pilate repented and was ordered to be put to death.

They took him and threw him into the Tiber. But the Tiber refused to accept his body and washed it back on its banks three times.

They loaded it with stones, but still the Tiber threw Pilate back.

Then, by order, the body was taken westward. A special guard took it to Switzerland, climbed a mountain, and plunged the body into a lake near the top. To make sure that it would sink they loaded it with weights.

The name of that mountain is still named after the dead Roman—the Mountain of Pilatus.

And there is a legend that every Easter the ghost of Pontius Pilate can be seen moving restlessly over the waters of the lake, wringing its hands, moaning over the greatest tragedy ever committed on this earth.



A view of Jerusalem—city whose light and shadow is reflected across the history of all mankind. Here strutted a Gauleiter, and here walked One Whose rule shall outlive the last despot.

## Actually—a Sound Idea

### Guess What!

Locusts? No! Believe it or not, this untouched photograph shows a flock of starlings flying over the main Eastbourne - Hastings road in dear old England. Both barrels, lads, and—starling pie, if you like it.

NO person can be so fully aware of the importance of sound detection as a submariner.

The safety of a submarine crew often depends on it, whilst the fate of an enemy ship is often decided by it.

Yet even the sensitive sound detector of a submarine is more than eclipsed by the natural instinct of bat in the sphere of sound vibrations.

The bat actually uses sound instead of sight as its guide through the hours of darkness, and amazingly developed is that mystic sense.

### Super-sensitive

Dr. Griffin and Dr. Galambos, of Harvard University, have studied the subject very closely, and have proved that a flying bat is able to avoid striking an object in the dark because it hears the echo of its high-pitched squeak from the obstacle's surface, high-pitched sounds being reflected from solid objects with almost the precision of light.

The bat's squeak is so shrill that few human ears can hear it.

Its frequency represents a note about three octaves above the highest note on a grand piano.

This is reflected from obstacles, even such small ones as wires one-twenty-fifth of an inch in diameter, and the bat turns and avoids them.

With such small obstacles it sometimes makes mistakes, but with larger ones it rarely does. In experiments it was found that covering the eyes did not

hinder the bats, but covering the ears did; it greatly increased the percentage of collisions with the wires.

When they were made dumb by stopping their mouths the bats could not tell where the wires were, and there were collisions.

By AL MALE

In all these experiments the bats were quite unharmed by the soft wax used to stop the ears or mouth.

One thing that remains to be discovered is the means by which the bat knows the direction from which its squeak is reflected to its ears.

In man and most mammals, the sense of the direction whence a sound appears to be coming depends on the difference in the time taken to reach the ears. For reasons connected with the physical nature of sound, this technique does not work with high-pitched notes, which is why the chirp of a cricket appears to come from all round us.

### How are Your Ears Placed?

However, the closer the ears are to one another, the higher the note whose direction can be determined, and it may be that the bat's ears are close enough together for its own shrill squeaks.

But there are other possibilities. For instance, female crickets, which find the males by following the sounds they give out, use quite a different, though unknown, method, and it may be that bats do also.

It is interesting to speculate on whether such well-developed hearing plays any other part in a bat's life. It is possible that it does.

Nocturnal bats, when they wake up in the evening, fly straight to where insects are most abundant, often a mile or two away, and in a different place each night.

It is not improbable that they do this by following the hum which the beating of many insects' wings must make.

Now, perhaps, it is easier to understand why bats have flown repeatedly through a cane which was whirled rapidly overhead.

Come, fill the cup, and in the fire of Spring  
Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling;  
The Bird of Time has but a little way  
To flutter—and the Bird is on the wing.  
Omar Khayyam  
(Fitzgerald).

There are moments in life worth purchasing with worlds.  
Henry Fielding.





## SUNDAY FARE

### Take a Tip—With C. B. Westall LEADS IN WHIST

THERE are a few pointers for whist players who have to lead at the first trick. From a sequence of three cards to the Queen or lower, lead the top card of the sequence. The player on your left may have the King and your partner the Ace, and you'll catch him. If the king is on your right or in partner's hand it will make anyhow. From a sequence of three to the King, or from Ace, King, lead the King. That will help your partner. If you hold A. J. 10 or K. J. 10, lead the J. in both cases. If your partner has the King in the first place or Ace in the second, you may catch the Queen. If you have five trumps to the A. or K., lead your fourth highest trump. If, however, you have five trumps to the A. K. Q. or K. Q. J., then lead the King in both cases.

Avoid leading from a double-

run (if you only have two of a suit), unless you have A. and a little one, then lead the Ace and the small one for a ruff. Here are one or two examples:

- 1.—♠ A 10 4. ♥ K 9 2. ♦ 10 6. ♣ 10 9 8 4 2.
- 2.—♠ Q 6 2. ♥ 6 4 2. ♦ K Q 3. ♣ A 4 3 2.
- 3.—♠ Q J 10. ♥ A Q 5. ♦ J 4 3 2. ♣ 10 8 7.
- 4.—♠ K J 9 4 3. ♥ K 6. ♦ Q 5. ♣ A 10 9 8.

The leads should be as follows: 1. C. 10 whatever may be trumps. 2. 6 Hearts. This is the lead which will do least damage. 3. S. Q whatever the trumps. 4. if Spades are trumps, the S. 4, otherwise the C. 10.

Don't worry if your partner fails to understand your leads. It will pay you in the long run to take these tips.

## Hobbies for Submariners—No .5 MATCH-STALK MODELLING

### Try Your Skill

AS a temporary change from plastic modelling (about which more later), here is a hobby on which to exercise your ingenuity—and a sharp pen-knife.

All you need is some match-stalks and some sealing wax, gum, or plasticine, to stick the finished figures in the position you want them.

The figures you see illustrated are made from normal-sized square household matches—the heads being used as heads in the finished models.

#### Cut carefully—then bend

A steady hand, a sharp knife, and an accurate eye are the chief requirements for success at this fascinating occupation.

### MISSIONARIES & CANNIBALS

From H. E. Dudcney's book of "Modern Puzzles."

There is a strange story of three missionaries and three cannibals, who had to cross a river in a small boat that would only carry two men at a time. Being acquainted with the peculiar appetites of the cannibals, the missionaries could never allow their companions to be in a majority on either side of the river. Only one of the missionaries and one of the cannibals could row a boat. How did they manage to get across?

Answer in next Sunday's issue, S 6.

#### 'SEASY

Answer to Puzzle in S.4

M A D A M  
or  
C I V I C



Above: A hunting scene, in which the deer-hounds overtake their quarry.

Left: Mare and foal in paddock.



#### One match, one figure

The object, as far as possible, is to cut each figure—four-legged or two-legged—out of one match.

This requires a little forethought—and herein lies the fascination of the hobby, in inventing your own figures.

We suggest that submariners who like to have a cut (no joke meant) at this art, save their efforts until they get ashore and post them to us at "Good Morning." We will then mount the result in a suitable scene and reproduce the best effort in this paper.

Further examples of Match-Stalk Models will be shown in next Sunday's issue.

E. G. S.

## ODD CORNER

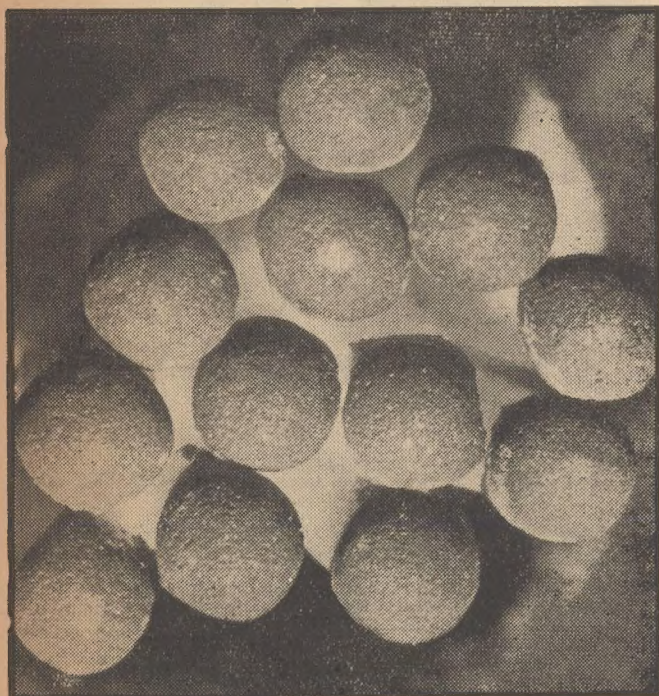
WHEN aluminium was discovered, Napoleon III was so fascinated by its lightness and brightness that he had a special royal dinner service made of it. This was used only at state banquets, and was reserved for visiting monarchs and the highest state officials. The lesser fry had to make do with gold.

There are three metals lighter than aluminium in industrial use to-day, and one of them is lighter than water.

Magnesium, used for incendiary bombs and in light alloys for aircraft, is one-fifth the weight of steel and two-thirds the weight of aluminium. Obtained from mineral ores on the Continent, it is being extracted from sea-water in this country and America, one firm alone producing 40,000 tons per year.

Beryllium, rare metal obtained from the semi-precious beryl, rough quality, is about one-third lighter than aluminium, and is as hard as steel. It resists tarnish and corrosion, but is brittle.

The pure metal is used for the "windows" of X-ray tubes, and alloys with copper and steel make special type pistons, non-sparking tools, springs, and small parts for instruments.



## WHAT IS IT?

Here's this week's picture puzzle for you to solve. The answer to last Sunday's issue was a close-up of three human hairs plaited.

## It's Funny But— Good Lovers Make Bad Lovers

THE much-maligned bachelor is generally a bachelor only because he would have made such a good husband. His strong point is sincerity; he is incapable of strategy or pose. So long as female hearts enjoy being snared, so long will most guileless men remain unmarried.

The trouble with honest-hearted lovers is that they give themselves with both hands, continually, completely—insufferably. They worship, but they do not woo, for it is impossible to woo a goddess.

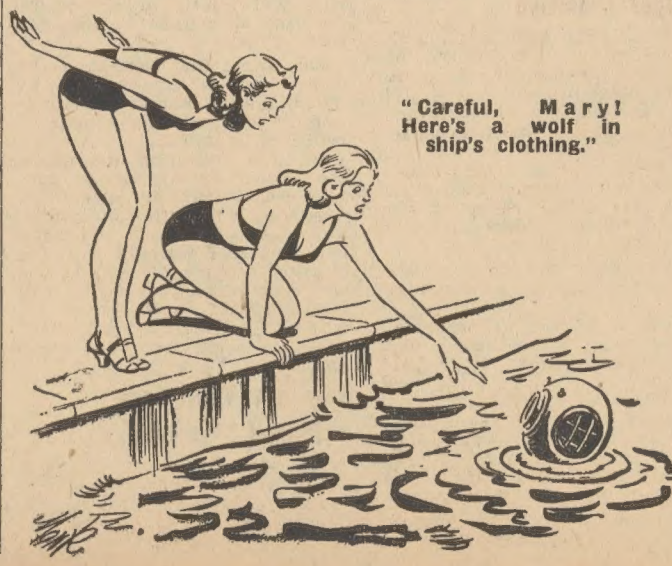
They love so well that they are bad lovers, and the game ends in stalemate. The long-suffering bachelor is not sufficiently selfish; if he were, he would beguile the girl and marry her.

Few bachelors are so by choice. Few married men are so without misgiving—lots of them wear resignation where they once had hair. "It happens as with cages," wrote Montaigne; "the birds without despair to get in, and those within despair of getting out."

Women are different; they are not as sentimental as men. They pick their husbands like apples from a tree, taking the

ripest and rosiest—which are not always the sweetest. And, of course, they pinch and bruise all the green ones first before they can make up their minds, and then leave them to become windfalls.

And so the poor bachelor lies rotting on the ground, and is reviled for being a selfish beast who has wasted his substance in riotous living. The real pity, after all, is that he hasn't.



## Three-Minute Thriller MORAN'S COLLAR

IT happened when Mrs. Pym was still in Eire. Scotland Yard's only woman Deputy Assistant Commissioner had left Dublin after the affair of the murdered Minister, and was putting in a last week's rest at a small hotel in a village near Limerick.

There were four holiday-makers in the lounge that evening—Mrs. Pym; the grave and stout Rector of Thameshire West; Mrs. Lennard, and her ten-year-old son, and, in the corner, Tom Moore, the local journalist.

Young Freddie Lennard had reached the last question in his book of problems, which the elders had been answering.

"Here's one for you, Dr. Mabey," he said, turning to the Rector. "Who is the Primate of England?"

"The Archbishop of Canterbury," Dr. Mabey answered amiably, and had no sooner spoken the words than Patrick Flaherty, the landlord, burst into the room.

When they finally got his jumbled words to make sense, it appeared that the most treasured relic of the village had vanished. It seemed there had once been a councillor of Feredach the Just, an early Irish king, who had owned a jewelled circlet which became known as Moran's Collar. It possessed the peculiar power of choking a wearer to death if he told an untruth. As Tom Moore whispered to Mrs. Pym: "It's supposed to be folk-lore, but that old Collar was dug up in our hills a hundred years ago, and, whatever it is, it's worth a lot of money."

The Collar had been kept in a small house on the main street, which was partially a museum and partially a village hall. Between lunch-



time and dinner the theft had taken place.

The village constable was baffled. Both Moore and Flaherty said that no villager, or local man, was guilty. Suspicion was bound to fall on the four strangers—Mrs. Pym, Dr. Mabey, Mrs. Lennard, and her son. Both Mrs. Lennard and the Rector seemed to have alibis, and in the end it was decided that Freddie Lennard must be guilty. He was a high-

spirited boy, inclined to mischief, and stubborn in admitting his pranks.

It was up to Mrs. Pym. She sought permission from her fellow guests to search their rooms, and found nothing until she reached Freddie Lennard's bedroom. Her examination was thorough, and in the end she returned to the lounge, where the others were waiting with O'Connor, the local constable, standing by the door in a helpless manner.

"I think this has gone far enough, Mabey," Mrs. Pym began. "I think, also, that you have the Collar." The Rector went red and white, and the others were thunder-struck. But when the stout clergyman made a dash for it, O'Connor was able to do something, and did it.

(Solution on Page 3)

We are as near to heaven  
by sea as by land!  
Humphrey Gilbert.

In all the woes that curse  
our race  
There is a lady in the case.  
William S. Gilbert.



# BUCK RYAN



HO THERE, YOU OLD FAGGOT, BRING US WINE AND CHEESE

HELP YOURSELF, FRANÇOIS. I AM WASHING THY SHIRTS



GIVE ME A HAND, M'SIEUR RYAN. THAT OLD HAG OF A SHEPHERD'S WIFE WOULD SEE ME STARVE RATHER THAN SERVE SNACKS BETWEEN MEALS



NOW, ROXANE—LET US DISCUSS THE FUTURE OF YOUR UNINVITED FRIEND

I'M SORRY YOU DON'T LIKE HIM, FRANÇOIS. YOU WON'T LET HIM STAY UNTIL MY ANKLE IS BETTER?

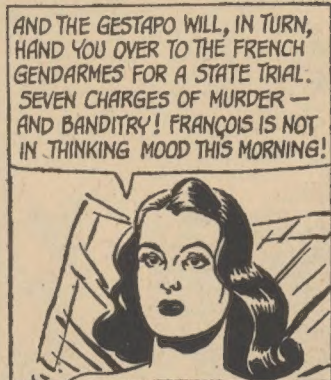


NO. SINCE THE NAZI DORYPHORES CAME TO CORSICA, BUSINESS IS BAD FOR ME. HOWEVER, I WILL LET M'SIEUR RYAN GO FREE—FOR RANSOM

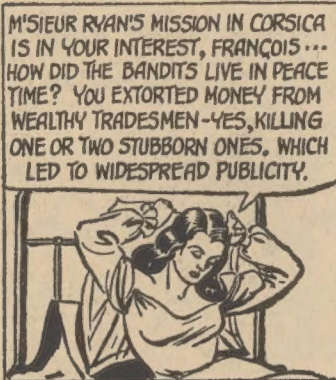


BUT M'SIEUR RYAN HAS NO RANSOM MONEY TO PAY FOR HIS RELEASE, FRANÇOIS

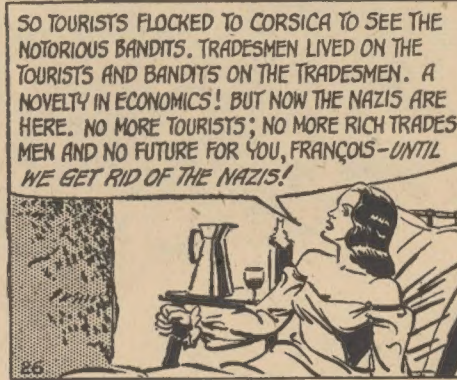
THEN I SHALL HAND HIM OVER TO THE GESTAPO AND COLLECT A REWARD, ROXANE



AND THE GESTAPO WILL, IN TURN, HAND YOU OVER TO THE FRENCH GENDARMES FOR A STATE TRIAL. SEVEN CHARGES OF MURDER—AND BANDITRY! FRANÇOIS IS NOT IN THINKING MOOD THIS MORNING!



M'SIEUR RYAN'S MISSION IN CORSICA IS IN YOUR INTEREST, FRANÇOIS... HOW DID THE BANDITS LIVE IN PEACE TIME? YOU EXTORTED MONEY FROM WEALTHY TRADESMEN—YES, KILLING ONE OR TWO STUBBORN ONES, WHICH LED TO WIDESPREAD PUBLICITY.

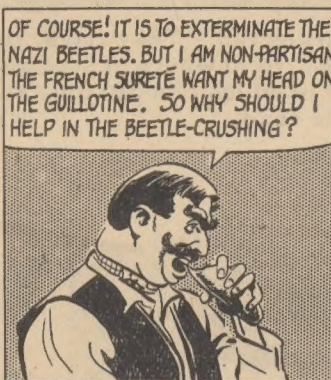


SO TOURISTS FLOCKED TO CORSICA TO SEE THE NOTORIOUS BANDITS. TRADESMEN LIVED ON THE TOURISTS AND BANDITS ON THE TRADESMEN. A NOVELTY IN ECONOMICS! BUT NOW THE NAZIS ARE HERE. NO MORE TOURISTS; NO MORE RICH TRADESMEN AND NO FUTURE FOR YOU, FRANÇOIS—UNTIL WE GET RID OF THE NAZIS!



WELL DONE, ROXANE! YOU TALK WITH THE FLUENCY OF THE PROFESSIONAL POLITICIAN. BUT UNLIKE THE POLITICIAN—YOU SPEAK WITH SINCERITY

HAVE I CONVINCED YOU THEN OF OUR AIM?



OF COURSE! IT IS TO EXTERMINATE THE NAZI BEETLES. BUT I AM NON-PARTISAN. THE FRENCH SURETY WANT MY HEAD ON THE GUILLOTINE. SO WHY SHOULD I HELP IN THE BEETLE-CRUSHING?



THEN YOU WOULD PREFER TO STAND BY AND SEE THE BEETLES EAT UP ALL THAT OUR TREASURED ISLE PRODUCES, TO MAINTAIN THEIR WAR-HORDES? FRANÇOIS THIS IS NOT THE SPIRIT OF THE FAMOUS BANDIT



MON DIEU! THAT PRETTY TONGUE OF THINE CAN CUT LIKE THIS VENDETTA, CHÉRIE

MAY I BUTY IN, M'SIEUR AND SUGGEST THAT WE DO SOMETHING FOR ROXANE'S ANKLE?



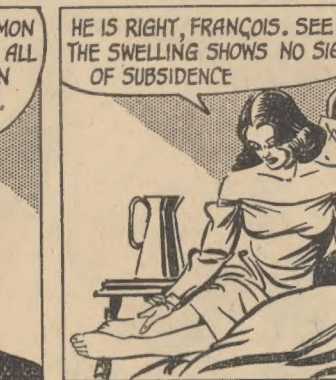
ROXANE'S ANKLE IS BEING TAKEN CARE OF, M'SIEUR RYAN. THAT WITCH OF A SHEPHERD'S WIFE HAS MIXED A POTION

BUT HERBS FROM THE WITCHES POT WILL NOT HEAL A BROKEN ANKLE, M'SIEUR!



HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT HER ANKLE IS BROKEN, INTERLOPER?

IT IS A COMMON ACCIDENT TO ALL UNTRAINED IN PARACHUTE JUMPING!



HE IS RIGHT, FRANÇOIS. SEE—THE SWELLING SHOWS NO SIGN OF SUBSIDENCE



THEN WHAT DOES THE SMART ONE SUGGEST?

IT SHOULD BE X-RAYED, THEN ENCASED IN PLASTER FOR SOME TIME



ONCE THE ANKLE IS SET IN PLASTER ROXANE CAN WALK ABOUT AND LIE IN THE SUNSHINE; THUS PREVENTING THE MUSCLES FROM WASTING

SUNSHINE IS GOOD, EH?



BUT THE PLASTER! THAT MEANS A JOURNEY TO AJACCIO

I WILL GET THE STUFF IF YOU'LL PROVIDE A GUIDE TO AJACCIO



BIEN! WAIT HERE. I WILL FETCH VICO TO ESCORT YOU

VICO



QUICK, TAKE THIS, BUCK. IT'S THE ADDRESS OF A FREE FRENCH AGENT. LET HIM KNOW THAT I'M STILL ALIVE

OK, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A JOB TO GET YOU AWAY FROM THIS OLD RASCAL, ROXANE. HE'S TWITTERPATED!



WHEN THE PLASTER ARRIVES KEEP IT ON YOUR ANKLE AS LONG AS YOU CAN, ROXANE

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, BUCK... I CAN HANDLE FRANÇOIS. HE IS JUST A BIG, SPOILED CHILD

SH-SH, HERE HE COMES!



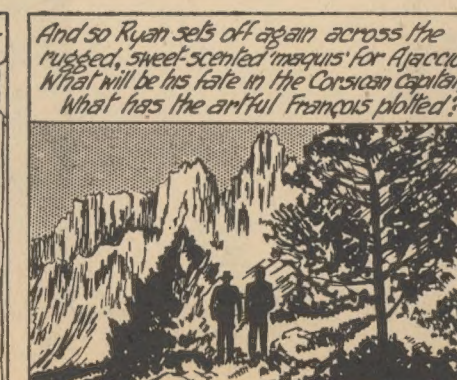
TAKE THIS INTERLOPER, RYAN. HE SEEKS SOME PLASTER FOR M'AMSELLE'S ANKLE... THEN PURCHASE FOR ME (WHISPER)

HMMM, VERY GOOD, BOSS



HERE IS YOUR GUIDE, M'SIEUR RYAN—MY TRUSTED AND FAITHFUL VICO... AU REVOIR, M'SIEUR

AU REVOIR, FRANÇOIS



And so Ryan sets off again across the rugged, sweet-scented 'maquis' for Ajaccio. What will be his fate in the Corsican capital? What has the artful François plotted?

# HIDEBOUND

MR. FRANK J. HOGAN, former president of the American Bar Association, wrote some time ago to Mr. Lionel Robinson, president of the Antiquarian Booksellers' Association (also of U.S.A.), saying he wanted a book to be bound in Hitler's hide.

The conditions were simple. The contents of the volume were "unimportant," but the binding was essential. There was no time limit, and price was not to be considered.

Who will do the skinning and tanning is not yet decided. The order still holds. It is certainly a New Order.

The idea was, perhaps, that this binding of a book in Adolf's hide would be original as well as worthy of a museum piece. But even if the order is carried out, Hitler will not yet have a claim to immortality on that score. No pride can be felt by him in having established a new kind of industry. It has been done before—binding volumes in human skin.

Camille Flammarion, the French astronomer, once met a lady whose skin was so beautiful to him, and so enraptured him by its loveliness, that she, in a fit of generosity, it is said, bequeathed to him at her death the skin of her lovely shoulders; and he had a book of verses bound in the adorable covering.

## THE RED BARN.

Since so much is reputed to have been done for love, how much more has been done for the opposite?

There is a book in Bury St. Edmunds Library, they say, which is bound in the hide of William Corder, the murderer of the much-dramatised Maria Marten. Corder, by that murder in the Red Barn, not only gave birth to many stories and publications by his act, but gave a theme for a long film; and, by a queer sort of legal justice, the full report of his trial and condemnation is enclosed in his hide.

Scotland has a similar instance of human skin being used as a bookbinding. In the Smith Institute, at Stirling, there is a piece of tanned skin in one of the museum cases. It came from the body of Burke, of the notorious partnership of Burke and Hare, body-snatchers, and was tanned by a tanner after Burke's death.

In the Bristol Law Library there are several books bound in the skin of local murderers and malefactors who were executed.

The fashion of using human hide for books (and other things) is said to have been started in the 18th century. At that period criminals were hanged and gibbeted near the scene of their crimes. These criminals were not all murderers. Robbers, footpads and pirates shared the honour.

The medical schools of the period were hard up for "subjects," and often got their "material" from the graves of the culprits—sometimes got it without asking legal permission. Having completed their examinations and made their diagnosis, these schools often gave away the hides, or sold them.

It was openly stated that there existed in Paris the famous Meudon tannery. This was a place that specialised in tanning human skin, especially of murderers and criminals. Certain it is that the School of Medicine in Paris, to which the bodies of murderers were handed over for dissection after execution, had the hide of Campi, the murderer, and after tanning, used it to bind the documents connected with his trial and post-mortem.

## BREECHES HER SKIN.

I heard of a case in France, near Amiens, in which a pair of breeches were made, in the seventeenth century, of the skin of a girl who was guillotined for theft. She had stolen some money belonging to her farmer employer, and when she was being tried he demanded her skin.

According to the then law he had that privilege. He got the skin, sent it to the local tannery, and had a pair of breeches made. Not only so, but he used to sit in the local hostelry, detail the enormity of the girl's crime, and then, slapping his human skin breeches, declare, "Thus do I chastise this wanton and thief."

Some years ago there was a book in a Charing Cross Road bookshop, which was entitled "The Trial of Joseph Sellars, bound together with his own skin, taken from him after his just execution." The book, I believe, was sold to an American collector.

It may be that one day Hitler's hide will enclose the leaves of his "Mein Kampf"; and no doubt it might fetch a price under the title of "Mein Hide." Since other murderers and criminals have had the distinction, the company would be fitting even if he had no original distinction thereby.

STUART MARTIN.

## Solution to 3-minute Thriller

"Just a guess," Mrs. Pym explained, after Maber had admitted he was the thief and no cleric, but an ex-convict whose speciality was in taking antiques of great value. "I found that question-book in Freddie's room. Remember—Who is the Primate of England?? Maber said the Archbishop of Canterbury, but he's the Primate of All England, and the Archbishop of York is the Primate of England. It seemed to me a rector should have known such an elementary ecclesiastic fact, so I took a chance..."



# Good Morning

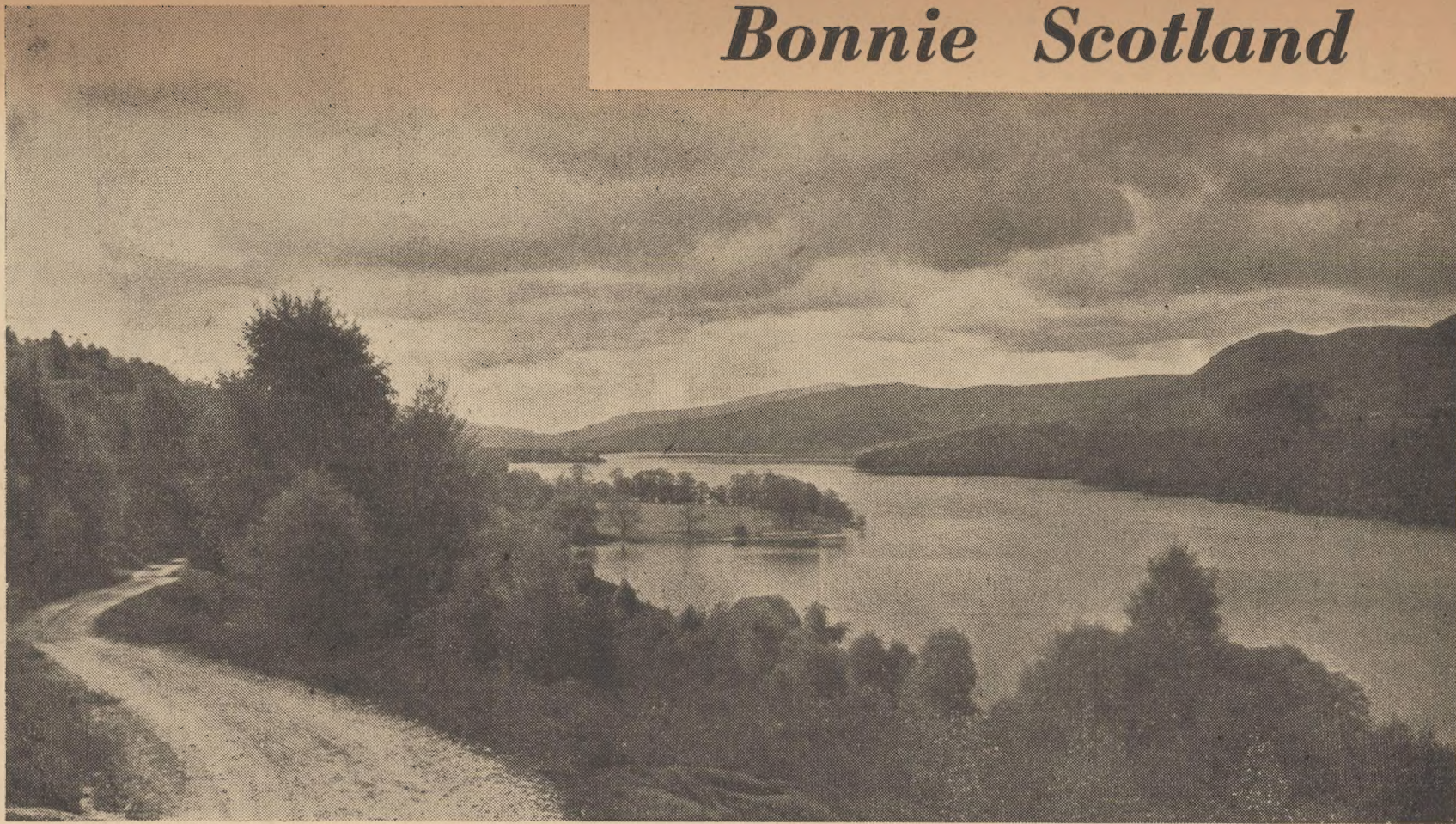
All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.

## It's a Bear-Faced Hold-Up

Miss Kitty Keen, one of the bear-keepers at Whipsnade Zoo, holds up two brown-bear cubs for our staff photographer. They are two of three born to Dolly and Bruin—and are now five months old.



## Bonnie Scotland



Our readers who are natives of Bonnie Scotland have felt neglected. They have, they say, enjoyed our pictures of "This England," but... Well, here is a typical Loch "somewhere in Scotland," ringed by colourful hills, and fringed with rich vegetation—a sight the grandeur of which one can only appreciate by standing on that winding Lochside road.

## UP FROM BELOW

One of the members of a submarine's crew (know him?) carries "Whiskey" the terrier mascot, up for an airing.



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

